UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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THE GREAT MIRACLE

This is the miracle supreme:
That the earth hath flowered to a soul,
And the soul doth lift from the earth and dream
Of an Infinite, Eternal Whole;

That it hath aspired to the life to be,
Beholding the grain that is sown afar;
On the dusky night-field fringing free,
Where every seed is a living star.

—MINNIE STEBBINS SAVAGE.

The Child Welfare Exhibit goes on at a great pace in Chicago. No such civic awakening has been realized for so continuous a period since the great Columbian year. Children have been excluded from the evening exhibit on account of the crush. It is safe to say that the best people in Chicago are turning their best side to this best interest of the city. The Exhibition is to be continued until the 25th of May. After that it is to be hoped that arrangements will be made by which the tangible and graphic exhibit can be made available for other cities, and that when displayed with fitting local environment it will do for other cities what it has done for New York and is doing for Chicago.

We print in another column a fine tribute to a "common" farmer,—"common" not in the sense now conveyed by the damaged word "vulgar," but typical of a larger class than is recognized by too many of our sophisticated citizens. The correspondent who sends us the tribute to Herman Sterling, farmer, says:

> He belonged to that portion of your congregation who are scattered about the country, far beyond the sound of your voice or the reach of your physical eye. He was a subscriber to and a reader of UNITY and in sympathy with its contentions.

This independent farmer, whose conduct was rooted in firm convictions of duty, in love of home, in clear vision into the now and the hereafter, represents the hope of the nation as he does the inspiration of UNITY. It is the thought of the inconspicuous, unknown and unheralded readers that keeps the editorial courage going.

"How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day" is the attractive title of a delightful little book by Arnold Bennett. Mr. Bennett is earning a place for himself in the realm of literature. One who reads this book discovers the secret of the higher success in life as well as in literature. The very title is a call to sanity. People who would be ashamed to plead poverty of dollars go running around the world continually complaining, whining, begging, on account of poverty of time. Impecuniosity here comes from the same source as the impecuniosity of the purse, wanton waste of precious resources. To complain for want of time to attend to the higher interests of life, to do the noble thing, is a confession of dissipation. Inebriety is sad here as elsewhere, and inexcusable here as elsewhere. It is high art to learn "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day."

At last the Illinois Legislature comes to an ignominious close. Most of the good measures and movements that were bravely presented have been defeated or abandoned. Even the righteous quest of the Helm Commission has been thwarted by a Court not above suspicion. A great business man, a man of vast wealth, a banker of wide repute, defeated in the legislature of Illinois, refused to show the books, and a court was found to aid him in his evasion. Notwithstanding this the Commission found sufficient evidence to report that in its judgment Lorimer could not have been elected to the United States Senate except by fraudulent methods, and the findings of this Commission are to be forwarded to Washington. It now remains to be seen whether the United States Senate has power enough to bring a wealthy man into Court, and to compel private interests and personal schemes to give place to public weal and civic integrity. Not Lorimer but the United States Senate is now on trial. Not certain individuals more or less involved with jack-pot briberies, but the State of Illinois is in disgrace, the Commonwealth is in humiliation.

The name of John Howard is a little old-fashioned among philanthropists, perhaps so antiquated that it is almost forgotten, quite a negligible term in the vocabulary of many modern "up-lifters," but to the really intelligent, John Howard, whilom sheriff of Bedford, England, a hundred and thirty-eight years ago, "trod the glorious but unfrequented path to immortality." The Central Howard Association of

Chicago suffers somewhat from the obscurity of its title, but it is a glorious obscurity, and no society in this city is engaged in a more worthy cause or should receive more willingly the humble support it asks for. On May 7, the President of the Association, who is also President of the Chicago Art Institute, Mr W. M. R. French, and the Superintendent, Mr. E. Emory Lyon, presented the cause of this Association during the sermon hour at All Souls Church in the Abraham Lincoln Centre. The addresses were informal and without manuscript, but we will print in next week's issue such notes as our reporter was able to catch on the wing. We commend this information heartily to our readers and hope that it will provoke many of them to send for further printed matter to the Central Office, 160 Adams Street, Chicago. There is food for thought and stimulation to action in their word, and still more in their work.

While this issue is going through the press, the Senior Editor will be delivering the Dedicatory Address of the Monument which the State of Wisconsin has erected on the battle-line in the Vicksburg National Park. The bronze tablets that encircle the central shaft bear the names of nine thousand and fifty-nine Wisconsin boys and men who took part in the investment and siege of Vicksburg forty-eight years ago. The central shaft of granite bears high aloft a golden effigy of "Old Abe," the eagle that made the Eighth Wisconsin famous, the eagle that, during its life-time, earned, by the sale of its photographs and other exhibits, over $20,000 for sanitary and other humane purposes. In this army of nearly ten thousand, the editor of UNITY was a humble private, and part of the ammunition which he will place in his oratorical gun will be the record of a private's experience and observation as written on the ground at the time in his Diary. The speaker at this dedication will undertake to show that splendid as was the display of spiritual power during the forty-eight days of the siege, it is not comparable in significance with the subsequent contribution of the survivors in the forty-eight years of post-bellum campaigning. Among the boys who were on the line forty-eight years ago, there were at least three who became in due time clearly Wisconsin's leading citizens: C. C. Washburn, several times Governor, the builder of the University Observatory, commanded a regiment; Jerry Rusk, first Secretary of the Agricultural Department at Washington, of whom it is scarcely too much to say that he established that Department, and who was afterward Wisconsin's honored Governor, was a Major in the ranks; while William F. Vilas, Postmaster-General and Secretary of the Interior under Cleveland, and United States Senator from Wisconsin, who perhaps drafted the wisest will yet written by a wealthy man in the annals of the nation, was a Lieutenant-Colonel. He went home from Vicksburg to complete the studies that made him the most accomplished gentleman in the State of Wisconsin. The stuff that these gentlemen contended with was equally promising. They were shooting at future Governors, United States Senators, Chief Justices, orators and poets. Surely the tests of post-bellum days are severer than those of the battle-ground. Many a man did valiant service with the bayonet who has since disgraced himself with the ballot.

Conservative Dollars

The recent visit of Booker T. Washington to Chicago was another occasion for the lining up of another batch of wealthy men at the banquet table with the great colored educator at the head of the table. It is a significant tribute to his power and the essential humanity of millionaires that wherever Washington goes, the purse-strings relax and the hurried business man makes checks. This is as it ought to be.

When, during a previous visit of Mr. Washington, Julius Rosenwald, one of the most prominent Jewish laymen of the city, encouraged the race for which Mr. Washington was triumphantly laboring, by contributing $25,000 to the completion of a $100,000 fund for the erection of a colored Y. M. C. A. building in Chicago, and when he duplicated the offer to any other city in the United States that would raise the required $75,000 elsewhere, UNITY commended his generosity, rejoiced in the magnanimity that enabled him to forget the Christian prejudices against him, and, for the sake of a downtrodden race, give his money to the encouragement of an institution from the councils and the inner management of which he is rigidly excluded by his religious convictions and inheritance.

But when the other night he offered $50,000 towards a fund of $500,000 for the erection of a great "Mills" hotel for poor young men and homeless transients, said hotel to be under the management of the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago, and to contain from one thousand to fifteen hundred rooms, we were led to ask if radical brains are more willing to exploit dollars on conservative lines than upon those pioneer lines of thought and the high initiative that enlists thinking.

Without forgetting the large services the Y. M. C. A. organizations of America are rendering on many lines, every intelligent man knows that, both in the letter of their organization and the spirit of their management, they represent a conservative, if not sectarian

and dogmatic interpretations of religion. The Y. M. C. A leaders are glad to receive the money of Unitarians, Universalists and Jews, and glad to extend the hospitalities of their institutions to such, but it is well known that none but members of Evangelical churches are admitted into the directing membership, and that the theological and religious atmosphere of these institutions is of the tract-distributing, soul-saving kind, which gives to progressive thinkers on on high lines a feeling of being strangers. Moody and not Phillips Brooks, still less Channing and Theodore Parker, represents the ideals of the Y. M. C. A. Within these limits much good can be done, but beyond these limits there is a great multitude of worthy young men, progressive Gentiles and emancipated Jews, who are repelled by a certain intellectual smugness that represents these institutions.

The proposed great hotel, with accommodations for one thousand or fifteen hundred less fortunate young men, to invade the loop district, or be built as near it as possible, is a questionable proposition sociologically. A Mills Hotel without a Mills, built with millionaire dollars and directed by Y. M. C. A. conservatism, is a proposition to be considered, but scarcely one that ought to be inspiring to those tutored by the advanced thinking of the educated world.

What is it that makes dollars so conservative, that leads wealthy men to trust their money on lines of thinking and administration to which they would not trust their own children and with which they would not seek or, seeking, would fail to find their own fellowship? Is it because dollars love dollars, and successful business men trust bulk rather than quality, largeness of realization rather than quality of the inspiration? The Jew may well ask whether it is not his dollars rather than his personality that gives him welcome where the man without the dollars would promptly receive the slight. The Jew may well inquire before entrusting his dollars to such a venture, whether his fore-elders with a pack, or his fellow-kinsmen who now carry the pack, would be welcome.

Stately architecture and marble halls too often conceal a spirit of exclusiveness that would be despicable, or that would at least be promptly discovered and condemned in more meager surroundings. It is a well-known fact that gymnasiums of the Y. M. C. A. throughout the country are closed to colored applicants, and we suspect the privileges are but grudgingly extended to Jewish applicants.

We speak advisedly. When in the earlier organization of the Lincoln Centre schemes in Chicago, a corps of "religious workers, affiliated with a "Christian" church of aggressive orthodoxy, were anxious to assume control of the gymnasium then being constructed, the proposition was as agreeable to the Lincoln Centre Board as to the pious young men, but they insisted on the privilege of excluding all colored men, though they were willing to compromise the matter on a limited number of Jews.

The managers of Lincoln Centre have no great reputation for orthodoxy, ,but they were too religious to consider such a proposition.

Another case in point: The Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago has a national reputation for its elegant building, ample equipment and medical skill. It is a noble monument to Jewish generosity and public spirit, and it was the boast of its constructors that it was to be a non-sectarian, non-partisan, and non-racial institution, but when a most worthy case, influentially introduced and properly vouched for, sought the advantage of their expert clinic, she was promptly refused because there was a tinge of color in her skin and a trace of kink in her hair. The only defense offered was that "the social question is hard to deal with," "prejudices are slowly overcome," and that "they all do it,"—the exact phrasings of the excuses offered by clubs and hotels and other socially excluding compacts in regard to the Jews themselves.

Justice requires that we should state that the last excuse is not wholly true. We speak advisedly of two exceptions in the city of Chicago, and we trust and believe there are others. But we know that the son of the colored woman who was excluded at Michael Reese was received into the Surgical Department and tenderly and skillfully nursed through an operation by the Presbyterian Hospital in this city, and we know that the Providence Hospital in Chicago, which is a "colored" hospital in the same sense that the Michael Reese is "Jewish," opens its doors and has extended its protection and help to white as well as black, to Jew as well as to Christian.

We sincerely hope that this "workingman's tavern" experiment will be tried, albeit we think several small ones distributed throughout the residence portions of the city would be much more beneficient in their influence than the big central one. There is plenty of money to do it. There are others who ought to match Mr. Rosenwald's generous proposition. They will never miss the money and by investing it here they will save it from ignoble uses and from becoming the blight of their posterity. But we do plead for closer connection between men's thinking and men's doing, between the brains and the pocketbook, between the heart and the hand. Indistriminate giving of dollars is as unscientific as the indiscriminate giving of nickels and dimes. The quality of the institutions that are to be built and sustained in the United States in the future is of more importance than their quantity.

Children of Pioneers

It may be a great thing to come of noble ancestry. Retrospection, when it is not what retrospection sometimes is, a mark of senility and decay, may be an inspiration. But few are so pitiable as the puny and listless children of a noble ancestry.

It is in that sense alone that the names of our fathers, names like Channing and Parker and Martineau, are names to conjure with. But remember that the sword and sandals of his father belonged to Theseus only when he, in the strength which he had inherited and trained, lifted the stone which withheld them from the weaker men of Troezene. The glory of ancestry is not the reflected light of ancestral deeds, but creating within ourselves anew the heritage of the temper which ennobled. The children of the pioneers of the world are not those who boast that they stand on the vantage ground which their fathers won, but those who are themselves pioneers in the great realm of life.

It is not well for us to nurture a complacent content that a long list of noble names is enrolled on the banner which we ought to bear, unless that banner is, in our hands, where they set it, in the van of the battle for wider truth and nobler living.

What made great the men we rightly honor as the heroes of freedom in religion was that in their own day and in relation to their own time they sought and found new and living inspiration in their vision of what lay ever ahead on the great road. They were men who were not afraid to abandon the positions their fathers had won. Theirs it was to fight for yet higher ground, where in due time the children of the scoffers should encamp in safety.

Those alone are loyal to their memory who inherit their spirit, who like them are men of the forward march, who live as they did for a living and enlarging truth and find in their own time fresh and quickening vision of God.

There is no disloyalty so great as disloyalty to the spirit of the men we claim to honor; resting with folded hands while all around us a new heaven and a new earth are opening to those who have eyes to see and courage to attempt. Progress did not end with the achievement of the mighty pioneers of the past. Their call to us is that we, like them, be ever in the van of intellectual liberty, winning for ourselves as they won it, the vital energy of deepening experience of the splendid possibilities of life. Holmes' "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul" might well have been their motto, as it must indeed be that of those who claim kinship with them. The work to which such as they call men is never done. We do but "level one lift" to pass on to another and a higher. Those alone whose eyes are on the dawn beyond the hills of God and whose faith is the radiant, eager confidence in things unachieved which was the inspiration of their fathers are the true children of the pioneers.

W. Hanson Pulsford.

When a man's heart has grown cold, the blows of affliction must fall thick and heavy before the fire can be got that will light it.—*George MacDonald.*

We are today what we are because our past has been what it was; what we will be in the future depends upon what we are now.—*Henry Drummond.*

THE PULPIT

The Menace of Militant Socialism

Sermon Preached by Rev. G. R. Dodson, May 7, 1911, in the Church of the Unity, St. Louis.

Supremely interesting and important is the story of that long upward climb of humanity through the ages which we call the evolution of civilization. The process has been slow, toilsome, and even painful, for civilization implies discipline, and the primitive wild nature is more or less refractory. We have made much progress, but are still far from the ideals of perfection. Our supreme effort ought to be to understand what makes for development, to discover the laws and conditions of further growth; for that is good which helps humanity upward and onward, and that is bad which hinders evolution and tends to throw us back to social stages from which we have slowly emerged. Our words, our deeds, and above all the spirit in which we live make the further climb harder or easier.

And it is hard enough at best. The unceasing adjustment to new conditions which progress involves subjects human nature to severe stress and strain. Mechanical inventions create new industries and result in new social situations, new groupings of population, new difficulties and problems. Man is under the constant necessity of revising his ideas, altering his feelings, changing his modes in life, and modifying his institutions and laws. Everything, including himself, has constantly to be made over. For instance, we are now making the transition from a fighting to a constructive régime. The law of the past was struggle, and the victory was to the strongest, to the most intelligent, and to those who learned how to work and fight together. The future belongs to the builders and is to be dominated by the constructive spirit. And because we live partly in the order that is passing and partly in that which is dawning, our thoughts are confused and our actions inconsistent. Of leaders, however, it is expected that they shall understand the way the world is moving, and help to facilitate necessary social transitions. The supreme need of our time is for intelligence, patience and good will.

The world is full of reformers and all are eager for improvement. All the fundamental problems are being studied, and the chief evils that have long afflicted our race are being attacked in a systematic and scientific way. Some of the great diseases have already been mastered, and the situation is full of hope. The spirit of exclusiveness is declining, men and women are crossing the barriers of social and religious prejudice that once separated them into isolated groups, and are finding their happiness in working enthusiastically together for the common good.

There is, however, a disturbing factor in the situation. An ardent and active group of people denounce our civilization as a failure and are definitely planning the overthrow of our whole industrial and political system. Militant socialism, in spite of much vague talk on the part of people who never read platforms or official utterances, is a very definite thing. Many have their own private definitions of socialism. There are some, for instance, who say they are socialists because they believe in the post-office, the public

school, and the ownership of some public utilities, such as the water works. But the right to define socialism belongs to the people who have organized to promote the cause, and who are giving it their time and money. You have no right to the name unless you are prepared to accept the program of those who make it a real force in the world. The proposals of socialism are startling. Says Engels, "The first act in which the state really appears as the representative of society as a whole, namely, the seizure of the means of production in the name of society, is at the same time its last independent act as a state." And Bebel, speaking of the changes that the coming transformation of property will bring, says,—"Marriage will lose its reason for existence."

If to this it is said, "O well, these are foreigners, and American socialism can not be held responsible for their utterances," I merely point to the platform of the American socialist party. In this official utterance the announcement is made of a certain theory of social evolution according to which class war is inevitable. It is stated that "Millions of formerly self-employing workers thus become the helpless wage-slaves of industrial masters." These masters are then described as a "useless and parasitic" class. Then, naturally, "The wage workers are, therefore, the most determined and irreconcilable antagonists of the ruling class." The capitalists are described as cruelly exploiting labor, as corrupting the institutions, the mind and heart of the public, and as owning "the nation politically and intellectually just as they own it industrially." The call is, then, to line up for class war. A demand is made for some definite improvements in the present regime, but these are only temporary makeshifts, for the final sentence in the platform states clearly the ultimate aim:

"Such measures of relief as we may be able to force from capitalism are but a preparation of the workers to seize the whole powers of government in order that they may thereby lay hold of the whole system of industry and thus come to their rightful inheritance."

The one merit of this platform is its frankness. The men who are engaged in this propaganda say explicity, we are going to *"seize"* the manufactories, mines, and land of this nation just as soon as we are strong enough. All other demands, such as that the government "shall contribute to the funds of labor organizations," that the United States Senate shall be abolished, that the Supreme Court shall be deprived of its power of passing on the constitutionality of legislation, and that "all judges shall be elected by the people for short terms," are declared to be merely "measures calculated to strengthen the working class in its fight for the realization of this ultimate aim." There is much vague talk about socialism and dispute as to its nature, but the socialists themselves surely have the right to define their position, and this, in the plainest of plain English, is what they declare it to be.

One may properly speak of the menace of militant socialism, for this platform explicitly and boldly menaces the institutions which most of us love. It threatens revolutionary changes in a social and industrial order which, though imperfect and still undergoing development, is the precious product of ages of evolution, and in which freedom and well-being are more widely diffused than at any time in humanity's long past.

Even more important than the platform and definitely outlined program of socialism is the spirit of its leaders, and this is ominous of social ill. Those who aspire to lead humanity upward can do so only if they are dominated by the spirit of good will. This is the only spirit in which men can work together. Hatred and the coercive spirit, the passions adapted to the ancient fighting régime which we are outgrowing, tend to retard us, to throw us back. They are regressive forces. No man, however high his purposes or beautiful his dreams and hopes, can fail to hinder humanity if he speaks and acts in this spirit. Yet, strange to say, that is just what some of the most prominent socialist leaders do. William D. Haywood, in an address given in St. Louis, last Sunday, is reported in the press to have said, "I want the working class to hate the capitalist class." This utterance, I'm sorry to say, is not exceptional, but deliberate and characteristic.

In the art of stirring up the hatred they wish to exist, the socialist leaders are past masters. To understand their methods you have only to read their speeches and the leading articles in their press. Here, for instance, are the first words of the latest issue of one of their journals of large circulation: "As you read this three union men are on their way to the gallows. Their crime consists in belonging to a union of the members of their craft. The master class must maintain its supremacy. Therefore it must keep the workers in subjection. To do this it requires periodical victims, sacrifices. Today the men kidnaped, starved, beaten and slated for the hangman's noose are named McNamara and McManigal. Tomorrow, and on evidence made by capitalist sleuths and fully as good, it can be you and your brother and your best friend.

This is also the tone of the local socialist organ. That is, the effort is made to persuade the readers of these papers that there is a monstrous and frightfully wicked capitalist class is this country which seeks to oppress the wage earners, and which deliberately and in cold blood sets about to bring men to the gallows for crimes of which they know them to be innocent. Incredible as it may seem to you, the militant socialist speakers and writers are industriously engaged in propagating these curiously fantastic ideas. And it is easy to conceive the effect on the minds and hearts of those who are convinced of their truth.

That is what I mean by the menace of militant socialism. There is a socialism of dictionary definitions, and of this or that scholar or writer, which is of a different kind. But a movement, like a man, is judged not only by creeds recited and platforms published, but also by the spirit of its leaders. If anyone says that socialism is a noble word, that it implies the social spirit and stands for a world of brothers, an ideal social order in which all shall be conscious constructors and builders, I can only say that I do not refer to that kind of idealism, but to the actual movement inspired and guided by such men as William D. Haywood and E. V. Debs. I do not question the earnestness of these men, but merely point to the all-important fact that there is no greater menace to society than those who industriously stir up hatred between races, nations, religions and so-called social classes.

It is perfectly clear why this is so. Human feelings are social forces. Good will is conducive to mutual helpfulness and co-operation, while hatred leads to violence and murder, and whoever fosters

the latter spirit is responsible for the deeds which that spirit impels men to do. With profound moral insight, one of the New Testament writers has said that "Whoever hateth his brother is a murderer." That is absolutely true. Hate is murder on the way, and if it usually fails of the goal to which it tends, it is because it is checked by opposing tendencies, chiefly moral and religious. But there are poverty-stricken natures in which these restraining influences are weak or non-existent, and the hate which is aroused in them by the busy preachers of class war monopolizes their consciousness, and leads to dynamite explosions, arson and murder. *The militant socialist leaders, who would not counsel murder, are as responsible as if they did, for they create the spirit that finds in the destruction of fellow-men its natural expression.* What was the cause, the ultimate cause in the hearts of men, that led to the blowing up of the *Times* building in Los Angeles? Hate. What was the cause of many other dynamite explosions involving the destruction of scores of lives and millions of dollars in property? Hate, pure and simple. It is, therefore, no light matter to call fellow-workmen "rats" and "scabs," and to urge men to hate their employers, the so-called capitalist class.

There is no class of men deserving of hatred, capitalist, socialist, union or non-union. And no man ought to speak or write about questions in the storm center of human interest unless his purpose is to promote intelligence, patience and good will. There is no greater menace to all that we hold dear than the spirit and teaching of the militant socialist leaders, who are trying to persuade the wage-earners of this country that they form a fixed class which is grievously oppressed by another class whom it is their duty to hate. The man who said, "Once a workman, always a workman," misstated the situation, for in countless cases able and energetic wage-earners are themselves becoming employers. Our democracy has no classes, but it offers the greatest opportunity known in the history of the world for energy, thrift and intelligence to rise, and for indolence and incompetence to sink to their natural level. Experience has already falsified the theory of Marx, that materialistic interpretation of history according to which a class struggle is necessary and inevitable. He predicted that the rich would grow richer and the working classes poorer, until in final desperation the latter would seize the instruments of productive wealth. But the facts are that moderate fortunes are multiplying and the whole population shares in the increasing wealth of the world. Undoubtedly much improvement is possible, but in the effort to bring it about the gospel of hatred and revolutionary class war is a hindrance rather than a help.

In an important respect the spirit of militant socialism is also that of *coercive closed shop unionism.* I do not refer to legitimate labor organizations, such as the American Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which is prosperous and highly efficient, and whose president, W. S. Stone, has said: "I do not believe in forcing a man to join a union. If he wants to join, all right; but it is contrary to the principles of free government and the Constitution of the United States to make him join. We of the engineers work willingly side by side with other engineers every day who do not belong to our union, though they enjoy without any objection on our part the advantages which we have obtained. Some of them we would not have in the union; others we cannot get. What I say is, make the union so good that they will want to join."

The issue at stake in the fiercest labor struggles today can easily be befogged with talk, but it is perfectly clear. Fundamentally it is not a question of wages, hours, or conditions, but of control. Nor is it a question of the right to organize, for no one denies this. The position of the employers has been clearly stated by a man whom I have long known, a man of perfect truthfulness and absolute integrity, as follows:

"I have been an employer for over fifty-two years, am a member of many employers' associations, local and national, an ex-president of two national associations of employers, and as such have come very much into contact with the employing class, and have yet the first employer to meet who ever as much as even intimated that he was opposed to organization among wage-earners, skilled or unskilled, nor do I believe there can be found an employer in the United States today who will say he is against the right of labor to organize." Further, *if all workmen should voluntarily enter the unions and in this way establish a closed shop, there being no other workmen in the country, this would be their undeniable right. What, however, cannot for a moment be admitted by the American people is that men who do not want to join the unions should be coerced into submission, or that employers should be denied the right to employ workmen who prefer to remain independent.*

At the cost of oceans of blood and immeasurable suffering we have abolished the ecclesiastical closed shop and established religious liberty. It may be that it would be well for most men to belong to a church, but it is certainly not a good thing for any church to force men into submission to its control. This is now universally admitted. We recognize the right of every man to be a member of a church or not, as he thinks best, and we do not discriminate against him on account of his decision. Ultimately, labor organizations will find themselves in the same position as the churches, for the same principle is involved. We can never force men to take out a license with a labor union in order to live by their industry in the country.

But, it is said, read the platforms and hear the public addresses of the representatives of organized labor, and you will see that it disavows coercive methods. That has absolutely nothing to do with the question.

It is not avowals that we are concerned with, but actions. Thousands of men have been beaten and maimed and hundreds killed, and a vast amount of property destroyed, in the effort to force the closed shop upon unwilling employers and independent workmen. The American people are well disposed toward organized labor, but the spirit and methods of coercive closed shop unionism are entirely alien to their spirit.

This is so evident that it merely needs clear statement. Those who identify socialism with class hatred and who prophesy an inevitable class war, and those who represent the violent kind of unionism so closely akin to it, usually meet this issue by evading it, by beclouding it in a multitude of words, by talking vaguely about the rights of labor, which in fact no one denies, and especially by denunciation. But it is useless to try to frighten or coerce people, or to deceive them, or to make it appear that they are

enemies of labor because they disapprove of a policy which labor leaders have adopted. These methods have failed in the past, and they have less chance of winning now than ever before in the history of the world. Such leadership may seem shrewd, but it is not, in the large sense, intelligent. To be actuated by class hatred, to appeal to the partisan spirit, is to alienate the sympathies of the American public. It repels the fair-minded. We instinctively feel that men are violent in spirit, word and deed only when they are championing a weak cause.

I ardently long for a change of spirit on the part of militant socialism and coercive closed shop unionism. The good purposes both cherish are hindered by their impatient, partisan spirit of animosity more than by any other cause. The mass of men mean well. We do not naturally hate one another. We have substantially the same interests, and we must find some way of living and working together.

As to labor, everybody wishes it to be prosperous. All want work to be as steady as possible and hours of labor to be as short and wages as high as industrial conditions will permit. And in return, society expects every worker to do his best, to produce as much as he can, and to constantly strive to increase the efficiency of his services and raise the quality of his product. As to socialism, everybody knows that many changes are ahead of us, that new and better ways of living will be found, and we are all willing to advance when the way is clear, when we know what is best to do next. But we will not, and in safety cannot, co-operate even for ideal things with men who are doing their utmost to destroy the spirit of good will, which is an essential condition of prosperity and social growth, and who seek to use the antiquated methods of coercion in an age when men are free and must be persuaded in order to be led.

It is just dawning on the great civilized nations that fighting is an essentially childish way of settling international difficulties, and thousands and millions of people are working for arbitration treaties, that is, for international agreements to relegate war to the limbo of discarded barbarities. But social revolution is just as irrational and criminal as war. The civil war in this country should have taught us a lesson. Other countries abolished slavery peacefully, but we were so backward in civilization, so impatient and excitable that the North and South sent forth their finest young men to die on the field of battle and of disease. A vast amount of wealth, the product of human toil, was destroyed. From this frightful disaster we have not yet recovered. Whosoever urges revolution shows that he is belated, that he belongs to the old barbaric ages and not to the new era of peace and good will. *Only the men of the good spirit, the men without hatred for any of their race, the men who believe in the practicability of peace between nations and of orderly industrial and social evolution in our own national life,—only these fit into the new order, only these are worthy to be heard and to be trusted with leadership.*

The theory of militant socialism does not do justice to the moral and ideal factors of life. It teaches that the material and economic factors are all-determining, and that in the course of evolution the employers of our nation have become natural enemies, who are first to be hated and ultimately dispossessed. This is antiquated and barbarous. There are material conditions and economic influences in social life, but civilization is essentially moral in its nature, and is built on men's faith in one another and on truth, justice and good will. Every man helps to support and upbuild it who maintains a friendly spirit, who is a radiating center of the forces that unite mankind, who by his unfailing courtesy, charity and sympathy tends to quench the suspicion and ill-will which are our greatest danger.

Let us be deaf to the utterances of the fomenters of strife, the apostles of the gospel of hatred and class war, and let us live in the spirit of really civilized men like Lincoln, Grant and Lee, who, in a time when the tides of passion mounted high, were above hatred. They despised no one. They exemplified "the great law of civilization, which is to *have no enemies.*"

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us bind up the nation's wounds and strive to cherish among ourselves and with all nations a just and lasting peace."

Address at the Grave of the Late Herman Sterling

I understand that our friend expressed the wish that his earthly house should be reduced to ashes. If this is true, then the kindest service that human hands can do has been done; and there is left for us only to say a word of love and hope. Saladin, who three times took the holy city and subjugated provinces in Persia and Mesopotamia, just before his life ebbed away handed his shroud tied to his lance to a herald and said, "Go, wave this in the camp and proclaim that this is all that is left of Saladin, all that is left of all his glory." But when a good man dies, and we pause over his ashes, we dare utter no such proclamation, for he has been a man of deeds and thoughts; in the memory of them, he still lives; they are like seeds planted, they spring to life and bear fruit, and he lives again in their perennial life.

In such moments as these we are compelled, however reluctantly, to look at ourselves in the light of thought and we find as Emerson has said, that "our lives are embosomed in beauty." This great truth our friend accepted and believed. Gradually, therefore, throughout his nine and seventy years he came to emphasize the spiritual and care less and less for the ephemeral and evanescent. Hence his commandment: "Commit my body, that has been seen of men, to the flames. Full well he knew that the history of the soul has not been written; full well he knew that the enduring and precious in his make-up "did not begin with him, could not be sick with his sickness nor buried in any grave."

Our friend was a tiller of the soil. The records of the county bear witness of his taking title to land in Montmorency, Whiteside County, Illinois, in 1855. In recent years he has lived both in Rock Falls and in Sterling. Never having had an acquaintance with him while on the farm or met him in town meeting, I am a stranger to that side of his nature that enabled him to gather a competency and retire to this community before going to California.

I have been privileged, however, to catch a glimpse

of the inner life of this man by attending, under his roof, meetings of the "Emerson Club." Looking back through the intervening years to those evenings of sincere, honest interchange of view upon questions of life and duty and seeking for a type of man with whom to class our friend, there rise before me the Nervii, who Caesar said, because of their strict observance of nature's laws, were the last of the Gallic tribes to go down before the conquering eagles of Rome; again, those dwellers on the Rhine, who eight centuries later would not bow the neck to the feudal yoke of Charlemagne; finally those Dutchmen, who in the 16th century stood four walled, serene and brave against the holy Roman Empire—giving their bodies to the flames and moistening the roots of the tree of liberty with their blood. If it were possible to chemically analyze the character of our friend, I believe there would be found in its traits kinship to these heroic children of the past. He dealt first hand with men and things. Such persons at the time are liable to be misunderstood. But by and by the clouds clear away, and we see them as they really were.

Having spoken thus, it is not hard to tell where such a type of man stood politically and socially. If there was a movement on foot to raise the general level of society, he was found identified with that effort; if the call was for an army to go forth to narrow the kingdom of the thumb screw and the rack and broaden "the way that out of Hell leads up to light," he was ready to enlist.

"There is no death, the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown,
They shine forevermore.

"And ever near us, though unseen
The dear, immortal spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead.

JARVIS DINSMORE.

From Our Foreign Correspondent

In my last letter I told you a little of the physical surroundings of these people in Southern Italy, but it takes time to gain their confidence, and more and more I marvel at the assurance of certain writers who come here and, from a car window a hundred miles from the real Calabrian people, apply certain opprobrious terms to them without any insight into their real worth. I also marvel at a government which is so unmindful of its best products, viz., a strong, industrious people and a land which produces the best that can be brought fresh from the soil. The government owns the railroads, but it does not send them within the reach of these splendid olive groves and farms, and it is only by "trading" in its simplest form that sufficient food is exchanged to sustain life even among those in good circumstances. No work is supplied by the government for public improvements in this part of the country. In the main these people are honest and industrious. Yesterday, however, I met a shepherd on the mountain side. "Peppino," I said, "What did you have for your breakfast and tell me everything you will have when you return."

"This morning," he replied, " I had what I always have—a piece of bread." "And at noon?" "At noon, Signora, I shall have another piece of bread, and tonight I shall have these green vegetables with a little oil on them,"—indicating a wild herb, not unlike our dandelion, which he had tied up in his handkerchief. He was thin and poorly nourished, and his clothes were in rags. He told me he had meat five or six times a year.

I met a gentle-faced man on the road with his two sons, twelve and fifteen years. "Tell me, Giovanni," I said, "how much are you paid for this stone-breaking?"

"Three lire a day, Signora, for the three of us. They measure the stone by the square meter and we can only earn that much."

Sixty cents a day for two growing boys and one adult, and probably several more in the home!

"What will you eat today? I asked."

"Two pieces of bread and some vegetables, with a penny's worth of oil."

And thus it was everywhere I walked—always the same reply. In consquence of this is it to be wondered at that there may be pilfering and even thieving of a grosser kind? There is very little of it, however, as compared with the provocation for it. I sometimes wonder if the government is not wise in encouraging emigration if it must pursue this policy with southern Italy—for who knows what fires may be kindled if these emigrants remain there under these conditions?

It is said that these people are dirty. Would we in America be cleaner if the water used in a family were all transported on the heads of women and children from the central fountain? Among the more fortunate the water and wood are brought on the backs of donkeys. Splendid scenery, an unparalleled climate, which might be used for health resorts, and mines which should be worked are neglected, while the "absentee landlord" is taking what he may, and the people,—the young and strong,—are leaving in search of more work and educational advantages.

There are a few left, however, among the educated who are not working from self-interest and who feel keenly their country's needs and opportunities. The leaders of this group are the two brothers Carnovale. One of these is a lawyer and man of power in the community, and the other a writer of force and vigor, who feels keenly the oppression of his people and has made his influence felt on both sides of the water. They are worthy descendants of one of the oldest, most powerful and illustrious families in Calabria. The same spirit which impelled their ancestors to fight for the principles of Campanella, the philosopher-martyr who was born in 1500, now impels them to reassert his principles in the light of modern thought and interpret them for this people as the liberal church interprets the doctrine of Christ in other parts of Europe and America.

To this end these two brothers have traveled all over this part of the country, preaching among the better classs the necessity for free religious thought, free schools and a freedom from clericalism. Every city has been visited by them, and in order that this thought shall be crystallized in some form to show that the spirit of the martyr still lives, a monument is in process of construction at Rome which will be sent here to be placed in the public square near

the church from which this priest preached his doctrines, and for which he suffered martyrdom. This monument was to have been placed in March, but the Liguranian brotherhood, who once had a stronghold here, came and have influenced the poor, superstitious people against the project so that now it is the part of wisdom to wait until the present excitement has somwhat abated before it is placed. In the meantime the writer, Luigi Carnovale, is preparing "The Life and Philosophy of Campanella," an exhaustive work which will be published in the near future. The philosopher has always been held in reverence by those who only know his name. Now this writer proposes to show them why he is so reverenced and to prove that the spirit of marytrdom is not dead, for it is no easy matter for two men to stand against public opinion, especially in so vital a matter as the opinions of those whose word has for centuries been law.

Now as I write I hear the Angelus and the voices of the little children chanting everywhere

Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us miserable sinners—now and in the hour of our death. Amen.

And one realizes that only by different surroundings and possibly several generations can anything be given to these people which will give them an equal amount of hope. JESSIE E. SHEARS.

Stilo, Calabria, Italy, April 24, 1911.

James Russell Lowell, Publicist and Humanist

Thoreau was of Concord. He may be said to have been the most representative man of New England culture. He came of an ancestry not only distinguished but irreproachable,—unobjectionable except for its respectability. The name of Lowell is associated with the most conspicuous of New England's industries and intellectual institutions, and only Lowell's general temperament and cosmopolitan experiences saved him from exclusive identification with the pedantry of Cambridge and Boston.

Lowell of course went to Harvard, where his literary talent was more evident than his scholarship. In fact, although he wrote the class poem, it had to be privately printed while he was under suspension at Concord. He had great difficulty in finding himself, vacillating repeatedly in his choice of occupation,—studying law, abandoning it and resuming again. The depression of a hopeless love affair nearly induced suicide, and throughout life, even in his inspired and productive periods, he never lost a tendency to discursiveness and irrelevancy.

Lowell early showed the instinct of citizenship, writing professionally for anti-slavery perhaps as early as 1841. He had so far matured and developed his literary skill, as well as reached his convictions, that by 1846 he had printed the first of the Biglow Papers, the most valuable literary document devoted to politics in America in the nineteenth century. Anti-slavery to Lowell not only meant the breaking of chains, but the abolition of everything which stood in the way of freedom. He said:"Absolute freedom is what I want, for the body first and then for the mind." His conception of citizenship did not involve "Our country right or wrong,"—"Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names Religion, Duty and the like." In his desire to abolish slavery and preserve the Nation, he did not balk at criticizing the Constitution. He said: "A stout machine of parchment was accordingly constructed and, under the respectable name of a Constitution, was interposed wherever there seemed to be danger from the hostile incursions of light. Wherever this is spread, a dim twilight more perplexing than absolute darkness reigns everywhere beyond its shadows.....Slavery is the opiate which has made men's minds drowsy."

Lowell's reform enthusiasm did not spoil America's chief man of culture. He served over twenty years as professor of Modern Languages at Harvard, and for thirteen years as editor of the Atlantic Monthly and the North American Review. Writing came easily, but work was difficult, yet he filled all of these positions with distinction. He will be remembered also as diplomat, publicist and correspondent. As minister to Spain and then to Great Britain, he proved to be our greatest American representative abroad. If a refined he was none the less a sincere democrat. He defined democracy as "that form of society, no matter what its political classification, in which every man had a chance and knew that he had it."

Despite his public services on two continents and his fearless devotion to the causes in which he believed, even at the expense of severe criticism, he could write to his friend Norton, in one of those letters which prove him to be the greatest (if not indeed the last) of our letter-writers: "It is always my happiest thought that, with all the drawbacks of temperament, I have never lost a friend, for I would rather be loved than anything else in the world." In another letter he reveals his tender conscience, his breadth of intellect and his temperamental limitations. Speaking of Howells' "Hazard of New Fortunes," he says: "A noble sentiment pervades it, and it made my inherited comforts here at Elmwood discomforting to me in a very salutary way. I felt in reading some parts of it as I used when the slave would not let me sleep. I don't see my way out of the labyrinth except with the clue of co-operation, and I am not sure even of that with over-population looming in the near distance. I wouldn't live in any Socialist or Communist worlds into the plans of which I have looked, for I should be bored to death by the everlasting Dutch landscape."

CHARLES ZUEBLIN.

For the new Republican, as for his forerunner the Puritan, conscience and discipline must saturate life. . . . Every day and every week he must set aside time to read and to think, to commune with others and himself, he must be as jealous of his health and strength as the Levites of old. Can we in this generation make but a few thousand of such men and women, men and women who are not afraid to live, men and women with a common faith and a common understanding, then, indeed, our work will be done. They will in their own time take this world as a sculptor takes his marble and shape it better than all our dreams.

—*H. G. Wells.*

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28. The Origin and Growth of Easter.
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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

LLOYD-GEORGE'S INSURANCE PLAN.

Chancellor Lloyd-George seems to have made a profound impression in the great speech before the House of Commons Thursday night in which he unfolded the government's far-reaching insurance budget.

It is not strange that he should have done so, for seldom has there been fused in a piece of English legislation more social idealism with cautious fiscal statesmanship than in the plan which the Liberal party, in fulfillment of its pledges, now offers to the people.

Such a plan, proposed today in America, would prostrate all the well-known figures on Wall street and give our press the editorial apoplexy, but in the House of Commons, according to report, it was greeted with "tremendous applause, even by Lloyd-George's political opponents." Perhaps out of a political issue the great Welshman has minted a new sense of patriotism, though the future will throw more light on that than we have at present.

It is sufficient to perceive, at any rate, that England is now invited by her political leader to adopt a most far-reaching program. It is proposed, first, that she undertake to insure every working man, woman and child in the country against sickness, whether temporary or permanent. Secondly, it is proposed to insure the workmen against unemployment. This latter plan, to be sure, is confined at the start to the building and engineering industries, but it is planned, of course, to extend it later.

The sickness insurance scheme is far from "paternalistic." The fund out of which the sick benefits will be paid is made up of contributions from the workers, the employers and the state. For example, it is planned to raise about $125,000,000 the first year. Of this sum the people to be insured will contribute in small weekly driblets about $61,500,000, the employers will contribute $51,250,000 and the state about $12,500,000.

While there has been for over a year a vast buzzing discussion of the probable terms of such a bill, the cabled outline of Lloyd-George's measures is too meager to make many points clear. It is evident, however, that the plan is to be one of prevention as well as of insurance. Sanitaria will be built; sanitary conditions studied and improved; a great, elaborate machinery built up for restoring the sick to health as quickly as may be. One of the most popular features seems to be the scheme for a special maternity benefit, conditional upon a mother's not returning to work within four months of her confinement.

The insurance against unemployment manifestly does not prevent unemployment—as the Conservatives triumphantly point out. But it is designed to prevent destitution. Each wave of unemployment, it is argued, turns a certain number of unemployed men into unemployable men. It sweeps away a certain number of homes and turns adrift just so many men, women and children. The out-of-work insurance, properly safeguarded from abuse, will prevent all this.

The two plans were not created wholly in Lloyd-George's brain. Sickness insurance goes back as far as 1881 in Germany. Insurance against unemployment is to be found in Switzerland and elsewhere. But in their application to English industrial and political conditions they will be of profound interest to this country.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

BOOKS RECEIVED

FORBES & COMPANY, 325 Dearborn St., Chicago. Truths. By E. B. Lowry, M. D. 95 pages; price, 50 cents net.

B. W. HUEBSCH, 225 Fifth Ave., New York City. The Adventure. By Henry Bryan Binns. 96 pages; price $1.00 net. Optimos. By Horace Traubel. 371 pages; price $1.50 net.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, 4 Park St., Boston, Mass. The Heart of the Master. By William Burnet Wright, D. D. 274 pages; price $1.25.

LITTLE CHRONICLE COMPANY, 358 Dearborn St., Chicago. Open Air. By William E. Watt, A. M., Ph. D. 282 pages.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, Boston, Mass. Flamstead Quarries. By Mary E. Waller. 493 pages; price, $1.50.

LONGMANS, GREEN & COMPANY, 4th Avenue and 30th Street, New York City. Prayers in the Congregation and in College. By James Martineau. 64 pages. The Temple of Life. By Ernest Newlandsmith. 160 pages.

A. C. McCLURG & COMPANY, 221 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. The Little Old Outlaws. By Anne Archibold Miller. Price 75 cents net. War or Peace. By Hiram M. Chittenden, U. S. A. 273 pages; price $1.00 net. Gettysburg. The Pivotal Battle of the Civil War. By R. K. Beecham, 298 pages; price $1.75 net. The War Maker. By Horace Smith. 415 pages; price $1.50 net.

NUNCT LICET PRESS, 920 Nicollette Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. The Great Morning. By Clarence Lathbury. 71 pages; price 75 cents. Religion Rationalized. By Rev. Hiram Vrooman. 157 pages.

OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY, 378-388 Wabash Avenue, Chicago. The Christ Myth. By Arthur Drews, Ph. D. 304 pages; price $2.25 net.

THE PILGRIM PRESS, 14 Beacon St,. Boston, Mass. The Church of Tomorrow. By Joseph Henry Crooker. 272 pages; price $1.00 net.

THE PROGRESS COMPANY. 210 Monroe Street, Chicago. The Pathway of Roses. By Christian D. Larson. 360 pages. Your Forces and How to Use Them. By Christian D. Larson. 329 pages.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 2-4-6 W. 45th Street, New York City.

Every Day Desserts. By Olive Green. Price $1.00.

Every Day Dinners. By Olive Green. Price $1.00.

A Question of Marriage. By Mrs. George deHorne Vaizey. 325 pages; price $1.35.

Love and Marriage. Ellen Key. 399 pages; price $1.50.

East and West. By Stanton Davis Kirkham. 280 pages; price $1.75.

Monster-Land. By Rowland Quiz. 344 pages.

Christ's Social Remedies. By Henry Earl Montgomery. 433 pages; price $1.50 net.

Bawbee Jock. By Amy McLaren. 380 pages; price $1.35 net.

Balder the Beautiful. By Grace Denio Litchfield. 73 pages; price $1.00.

The Moonlight Sonata. By M. A. B. Evans. 172 pages; price $1.25.

Howard's End. By E. M. Forster. 422 pages; price $1.35.

The Return. By Walter De La Mare. 354 pages; price $1.25.

More Than Kin. By Patricia Wentworth. 363 pages; price $1.35 net.

Sacred Symbols in Art. Elizabeth E. Goldsmith. 280 pages; price $1.75.

The Ashes of a God. By F. W. Bain. 152 pages; price $1.25.

Down our Street. By J. E. Buckrose. 378 pages; price $1.35.

A Room with a View. By E. M. Forster. 364 pages; price $1.35.

The Claw. By Cynthia Stockley. 349 pages; price $1.35.

John Murray's Landfall. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. 233 pages; price $1.25.

Later Pratt Portraits. By Anna Fuller. 415 pages; price $1.50.

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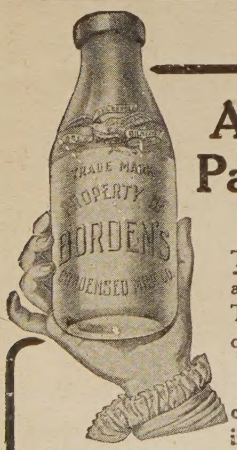

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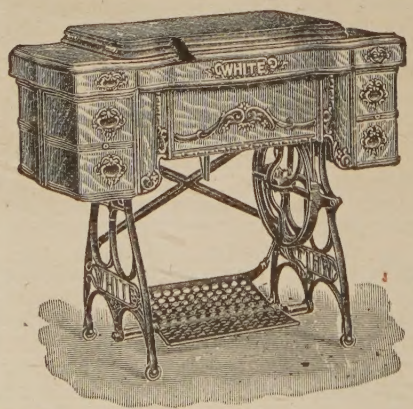

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